

Souls Colors

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[Persona 3](#), [Persona Series](#)

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[Yuuki Makoto \(Persona Series\) & Reader](#), [Arisato Minato & Reader](#), [Persona 3 Male Protagonist & Reader](#)

Character:

[Yuuki Makoto \(Persona Series\)](#), [Sanada Akihiko \(Mentioned\)](#), [Takeba Yukari \(Mentioned\)](#), [Kirijo Mitsuru \(Mentioned\)](#), [Iori Junpei \(Mentioned\)](#), [You](#), [Reader](#), [Arisato Minato](#), [Male Persona 3 Protagonist](#)

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Souls Colors

by [MiaQc](#)

Summary

A short fanfic in the Persona 3 universe. The main character is the reader.

As far as I can remember, I can see them. The colors. Emanating from the souls.

- A translation of [Les couleurs des âmes](#) by [MiaQc](#)

As far as I can remember, I can see them. The colors. Emanating from the souls. Not ghosts but *living* souls. Red for passion, but also danger, anger. Blue for serenity, but also sadness, solitude. Purple for hate. Black for death, suicidal thoughts. White for purity and kindness. When a person dies, their color disappears with them. Sometimes I see the colors in the form of an aura, other times they form a halo around the head and at times I can see them in people's eyes. I haven't told anyone about this. After all, who would believe me?

One day, a new student arrived at my school. Makoto Yuki. He's very mysterious and the most disturbing thing is that he has no soul color. No matter how much I observe it from a distance, day after day, nothing. *As if he's already dead, as if he's the living dead, unless he's destined to die.* Yet the black color has always appeared for those close to death or for people with suicidal thoughts, but not for Makoto. It makes me very uncomfortable. I want to talk to him, to tell him, but I can't. I'm too scared.

Weeks go by and Makoto Yuki still has no soul color, but I discovered something else. A kind of silvery-blue aura. I couldn't see it before, but it's there. It surrounds Makoto and it seems to become more and more, how can I put it, *powerful* as time goes by. What is it? The word "Persona" always comes to my mind.

I soon discovered other similar auras from other students, Makoto's friends. Yukari Takeba, Junpei Iori, Akihiko Sanada. Even Miss Kirijo has one. How is it possible? What do they all have in common?

I got the answer as I wander the city and midnight strikes. Everything around me changes. Everything becomes terrifying. The sky and the moon are a sickly green. The puddles are crimson and then there are these coffins everywhere. It freaks me out. Suddenly, these things, creatures have arrived. They try to open the coffins, but they ignore me completely. I'm running to return home when I come upon Makoto. His mysterious aura is so strong that I feel like it's going to devour his body.

Makoto looks me straight in the eyes. I feel as if my own soul is frozen. He remains silent for a while and then he tells me one thing:

"Welcome to the Dark Hour."

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